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FANCY.

AN

IRREGULAR ODE.

Quo me rapis tui plenum? HOR.

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FANCY.

AN
IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

RISE, in thy colour-blended Robe array'd,
Riſe at my Voice, thou eagle-ſighted Maid!
Aloft upon thy nimble Pinions,
Snatch me thro' thy vaſt Dominions:
Quick at his Call thy wond'ring Poet bear
O'er Earth and Sea, and the broad Boſom of the Air.

II.

Now ſwift we mount, unview'd by mortal Eye,
And inſtant reach yon' blue-diſcover'd Sky:
From thence look down on Men below,
(A checquer'd Scene of Joy and Woe);
Pity the low Depravity of Mind
That graſps at ev'ry Feather, dancing to the fickle Wind.

III.

Now, Guardian of my Verſe, ſoft let us drop
On yonder Rock's aſpiring Top!
Heav'ns! with what a turgid Motion
Beneath up-heaves the fretful Ocean!

The bellowing Roar affrights Attention's Ear;
Too great the Steep for aching Eye to bear.

IV.

Change, *Fancy*, change the Terror of the Scene,
And place me near ſome ſweetly-chiding Stream,
Secluded from the Haunt of buſy Men,
With Eaſe and Solitude there let me dream.
'Tis done, Oh potent Queen! I own thy Pow'r.
Here let me reſt in this wood-centred Bow'r,
Reclin'd upon this moſſy Pillow,
Deck'd round with Leaves of penſive Willow.
'Tis Silence all; ſave where the Nightingale,
Night-loving Warbler, trills her piteous Tale;
And where yon' bubbling Rill
Strives to burſt o'er the Pebbles little Hill.

V.

But hark! I hear the early Horn,
Full-ton'd, uprouſe the bluſhing Morn:
Raptur'd I hear the mingled Sounds
Of yonder op'ning, high-bred Hounds.
The Stag unharbour'd ſtretches ev'ry Vein,
The Courſer follows with redoubl'd Pace,
Foaming, and panting, darts along the Plain,
Whilſt *Eccho*'s airy Hall re-thunders to the Chace.

VI.

But whither, *Goddeſs*, doſt thou waft thy Bard!
How diff'rent, yet how pleaſing is the Change!
Full to my raviſh'd Sight
Narciſſa ſtands diſplay'd:
Each Leer, each Dimple has a Pow'r to charm.
Who can withſtand the Languiſh of her Eye!
The Vermil of her Cheek
Sickens the drooping Roſe.
Where-e'er ſhe turns her Eyes, a Victim falls,
A willing Victim falls, and courts the pleaſing Death.

Her

Her lilly-looking Skin
No Snow can parallel.
Not with more Luſtre, and enchanting Air,
On *Ida*'s Summit look'd the *Cyprian Queen*,
When love-ſtruck *Paris* judg'd
To her the golden Boon.

VII.

Shield me, ye heav'nly Pow'rs! where am I now!
Sure this is *Melancholy*'s dreary Cave.
It is—for ſee where ſits the owl-crown'd Hag!—
Back, horrid Spectre, to thy yawning Grave.
Oh! what a Sight is here!—old mould'ring Tombs
And coffin'd Heaps with crawling Vermin bound;
Remnants of ſhovel'd Bones, and ivy'd Walls,
Weeping green Tears the ſhatter'd Scene around.

VIII.

From theſe lorn Regions now methinks I go
To *Mirth*'s gay Court, where Pleaſure exiles Woe.
Apollo touches ſoft the ſilver Strings;
Cupid ſmiles here, and there *Eutérpe* ſings.
Sweet-ſmiling *Venus* leads the feſtive Dance,
And, as ſhe trips it, on her fav'rite Boy,
Her lov'd *Adonis*, caſts an am'rous Glance.
All, all is Rapture, and Exceſs of Joy.

IX.

Swift whirl me, *Fancy*, to the Claſh of War:
Seat me in *Mars*'s bloody-painted Car.
Give me to range th' embattl'd Plain,
The Plain where death-grim Horrors reign:
Where dying Cries
Tranſpierce the Skies:
Where Thouſands fall amidſt the wild Uproar,
And Heaps of Carnage float in Tides of reeking Gore.

X.

—Hence, hence——I'll ſee no more.
I tell thee, *Mars*, for *Britain*'s Iſle
Fair *Peace* has yet reſerv'd a Smile:
Tho' baniſh'd, yet ſhe loves her fav'rite Shore.
But e're her healing Plumes ſhe deigns to ſpread,
Gallia muſt mourn her leading Heroes dead.
Before the Goddeſs quits her heav'nly Dome,
Britain muſt ſhout with Conqueſts yet to come.

XI.

Sudden what various Paſſions gall my Breaſt,
All ſtriving in Extremes to kill my Reſt!
With frantic Rage my reſtleſs Boſom burns.
As *Fancy* drives, I ſmile, I frown by Turns:
Now melt with Love, now Jealouſy's keen Dart,
With well-aim'd Fury, quivers in my Heart.
Help, *Reaſon*, help—to eaſe me lend your Care,
And let my Rival take the falſe perfidious Fair.

XII.

Here, *Fancy*, ſtop thy wild, impetuous Flight;
My hurried Senſes crave the Dues of Night.
Oh! let me ſleep a while,
Forget this Round of Toil.
Then freſh with Life upon thy Wing I'll ride,
And view new Scenes ariſe on ev'ry Side.
'Midſt Rocks of Ice, and Tow'rs of Snow,
'Tis thou canſt bid the Summer glow;
Or make my creeping Fleſh to freeze
At ev'ry mild and vernal Breeze;
Canſt warm with Hopes, and chill with Fears,
Such and ſo great thine univerſal Pow'r,
The Journey, which would aſk a Length of Years,
Thou, rapid *Fancy*, canſt perform within an Hour.

FINIS.